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*CRADLE-SONGS*







For -

Geraldine Kelly -

"Hush, my child,  
Lie still and slumber."  
But please to awaken when  
convenient.

Robert Hawan

Dec. 25, 1933







CRADLE - SONGS







A COMPILATION  
OF  
CRADLE - SONGS

With an Appreciation

BY  
JOSEPHINE MILDRED BLANCH

SAN FRANCISCO  
THE MURDOCK PRESS

1907







Ms. A. 10.1  
101/101  
101/101

*To my Mother*

Ms. A. 10.1  
101/101  
101/101







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## CRADLE-SONGS

### AN APPRECIATION

How memory comes to us when a mother's eyes seemed our blue all-satisfying Heaven, and the crooning of her soft sweet voice first linked our baby-soul, still warm from the parting kiss which the angels gave, to a new mysterious world of music—a world in which the Infinite is revealed to mortals, a promise, as it were, of a fuller Sweetness and more perfect Harmonies! We have heard many songs since then; but have we ever listened with such all-absorbing rapture, as when through the medium of a mother's voice we heard our first sweet cradle-songs?

Cradle-songs are the universal language of mothers, for when the tired day is sinking to its rest and the stars come out, "when drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds," a world of mothers are soothing into slumberland with song the world of babyhood. Throughout the length and breadth of all lands, from lowly cottage and stately mansion, at this purple twilight hour, is heard



## AN APPRECIATION

the music of mothers' voices, for "the whole world vibrates to that supreme touch of Nature, Mother-love." Think what a host of white-robed listeners! Did ever music float o'er so pure or responsive an audience or one so tenderly forgiving? Did ever waves of harmony thrill or vibrate so delicate an instrument as a baby's heart? We can but liken this audience to a band of white starry-eyed daisies, whose music lessons have been Nature's own teaching—the sighing of the winds among their snowy petals—so at home seem they in music-land, so readily does it attune itself to melody.

Beautiful childhood! beautiful cradle-songs!—how inseparable are the two! For ever must mother-love have expressed itself in harmonious cadences. We can but imagine the first low sweet cradle-song sung by that first mother, in the loneliness and stillness of a new earth and the deepening shadows of the night; what mystery and wonder and love must have thrilled her voice as she hushed into slumber the first offspring of the human race! Could there ever again be a lullaby of such deep pathos or such tender joy?

All Nature has her cradle-songs! When the day is young, the lark soars high and sings



## AN APPRECIATION

out its heart to the new May morn; when the night is young, in the pale white moonlight, the nightingale's glorious voice adds to the witchery around us; when the year is young, from sky, brook, tree, bursts upon us color, light, and sound—a joyous cradle-song for the shy sweet Spring! But would you know the grandest of Nature's cradle-songs? 'Twas sung in the long ago, in peaceful star-lit Bethlehem, where in the rudest of huts, in the most uncarved of cradles the Christ Child lay, while from the voices of angelic hosts floated down to earth her sublimest cradle-song. To its echoes, reaching down through the centuries, have both poet and musician attuned their instruments.

JOSEPHINE MILDRED BLANCH.







## THE BUGLES OF DREAMLAND

SWIFTLY the dewes of the gloaming are  
falling;

Faintly the bugles of Dreamland are call-  
ing.

O hearken, my darling, the elf-flutes are  
blowing,

The shining-eyed folk from the hillside are  
flowing,

I' the moonshine the wild-apple blossoms  
are snowing,

And louder and louder where the white  
dews are falling

The far-away bugles of Dreamland are  
calling.

O what are the bugles of Dreamland call-  
ing

There where the dewes of the gloaming are  
falling?

Come away from the weary old world of  
tears,

Come away, come away to where one never  
hears



THE BUGLES OF DREAMLAND

The slow weary drip of the slow weary  
years,  
But peace and deep rest till the white dew  
are falling,  
And the blithe bugle-laughters through  
Dreamland are calling.

Then bugle for us, where the cool dew  
are falling,  
O bugle for us, wild elf-flutes now call-  
ing—  
For Heart's-love and I are too weary to  
wait  
For the dim, drowsy whisper that cometh  
too late,  
The dim, muffled whisper of blind empty  
fate—  
O the world's well lost now the dream-  
dews are falling,  
And the bugles of Dreamland about us are  
calling.

*Fiona Macleod.*



## NINNA-NANNE OF THE VIRGIN

THE Virgin thus to Jesus did sing,  
When cradled she soothed him to rest:

Sleep, my son, sleep,  
Sleep, Jesu, my son,  
Sleep, Jesu, my son!

How perfect thy form!  
How sweet is thy mouth!  
How golden thy hair!  
How beauteous thy face!  
My heart-beats are thine,  
Sleep, oh, sleep soon!

Son, still so youthful and fair,  
Light of my heart!  
Thou seemest too chill.  
Come hug tighter thy Mother,  
Her heart is so warm;  
Sleep, my son, sleep!

When shepherds came seeking  
Their gifts to display,  
They offered thee all  
With true love and devotion;  
Sleep, ever sleep sweetly,  
Jesu, my son!



NINNA-NANNE OF THE VIRGIN

To flesh thou dost turn,  
In pure love for sinners;  
Yet man, ungrateful and vile,  
His sins doth ignore.  
With mockery bold and perverse,  
Ungrateful remains.

But, son of my love, heed it not!  
Graceless man no tears may afford,  
Thy Mother's fond pity doth mark  
Thy deep, true abasement on earth;  
She weeps when others no cause  
can perceive.  
Sleep, calmly sleep!

Son, beloved and revered,  
Sleep free from torment or fear;  
In days soon to come  
Thy sufferings draw nigh;  
'T is thy lot to endure;  
Sleep, holy one, sleep!

Oh! torments and woes will be mine  
Of martyrdom, all but the death,  
What day thy lips do proclaim:  
Mother mine, my death is at hand.  
In anguish I murmur a prayer,  
Sleep, innocent, sleep!



NINNA-NANNE OF THE VIRGIN

Friends thought so true and devoted,  
My son, will desert thee apace,  
And grasp sordid gold  
As the price of thy life.  
How wilt thou it bear?  
Sleep now, ever sleep!

Son, holy, beloved, and true,  
Knowest thou the pains that await thee  
When Pilate's dark door thou shalt cross?  
Scourgings severe and uncounted  
My soul foretells.  
Sleep, loved one, sleep!

To thy cost and my woe,  
Three nails shall transfix thee;  
Feet and hands, sacred and dear,  
To a hard cross must be strained.  
What heartbreak then will be mine!  
But, sleep, now sleep!

Why weepest thou, my sweet son?  
Come tell thine own mother the cause;  
Let her hear the loved voice,—  
With thy mouth do but speak!  
Why dream of tears and deep sobs?  
Sleep soundly, son, sleep!



## NINNA-NANNE OF THE VIRGIN

Let me weep and lament!  
Sad and desolate, must I behold  
Others condemn thee, my son,  
Powerless, helpless, watch thee expire.  
My heart bursts with sorrow and wailing,—  
My son dead, ah, dead!

Then, when thou 'rt dead  
They 'll pierce thy white side.  
In pain and grief I behold  
The dread lance they employ;  
But now slumber on yet for a while.  
Sleep, beloved one, sleep!

O son, so tenderly loved,  
For thee beats this heart!  
Grant me that under my grief  
Closed be thine eyelids and still!  
This waiting is bitter to bear.  
Sleep, Jesu, sleep!

Come, holy angels, come!  
Sweet symphonies raise;  
Sing Jesus to sleep  
With your sweet songs!  
And thou, Slumber, come, oh come!  
Sleep, Jesu, my all, sleep!



## NINNA-NANNE OF THE VIRGIN

Here comes sweet slumber at last  
After tears have been shed;  
His eyes are so weary  
They 're closing apace.  
Now my son sleeps,—  
My God, yet my son!

Now I watch thee asleep;  
I see those sweet eyes in repose,  
But one dark day I shall watch  
Those eyelids in death  
On a cross with agony fall!  
Sleep now, that my tears freely may  
flow.

*This beautiful form of ninna-nanne is sung  
at the midnight mass on Christmas eve in  
Sicily, especially in the provinces of Catania  
and Messina, when the churches are filled  
with devout worshipers.*



## LULLABY

LENNAVAN-MO,  
Lennavan-mo,  
Who is it swinging you to and fro,  
With a long low swing and a sweet low  
croon,  
And the loving words of the mother's  
rune?

Lennavan-mo,  
Lennavan-mo,  
Who is it swinging you to and fro?  
I am thinking it is an angel fair,  
The angel that looks on the gulf from  
the lowest stair  
And swings the green world upward by  
its leagues of sunshine hair.

Lennavan-mo,  
Lennavan-mo,  
Who swingeth you and the angel to and  
fro?  
It is He whose faintest thought is a  
world afar,



## LULLABY

It is He whose wish is a leaping seven-  
mooned star,  
It is He, Lenavan-mo,  
To whom you and I and all things flow.

Lennavan-mo,  
Lennavan-mo,  
It is only a little wee lass you are, Eily-  
mo-chree,  
But as this wee blossom has roots in the  
depths of the sky  
So you are at one with the Lord of  
Eternity—  
Bonnie wee lass that you are,  
My morning star,  
Eily-mo-chree, Lennavan-mo,  
Lennavan-mo!

*Fiona Macleod.*



## SWEDISH CRADLE-SONG

LIGHT and rosy be thy slumbers,  
    Rocked upon thy mother's breast;  
She can lull thee with her numbers,  
    To the cradled heaven of rest.  
In her heart is love revolving,  
    Like the planets or the moon;  
Hopes and pleasures fondly solving,  
    Keeping every thought in tune.

When thy look her care inviteth,  
    All the mother turns to thee,  
And her inmost life delighteth,—  
    Drinking from thy cup of glee.  
O'er thee now her spirit bendeth,  
    Child of promise, cherished well;  
With thine own her being blendeth,  
    Hallow'd by affection's spell.



## SICILIAN NINNA-NANNE

LOVELY, lovely, is my son!  
Possessed he but angel's wings,  
An angel he 'd make.  
Come, sleep, come bear him away;  
Then restore him later to me.

*E—a—la—lo!*

*A—la—lo!* my son is a beauty!  
His face is like a lily,  
His name is a charm;  
The angels bestowed it;  
The priest gave his blessing,  
With bell, book, and stole.

*A—la—lo!* the Sanctus has rung;  
The priest at the altar  
The mass doth intone.  
Sleep, baby, sleep with the Lord!



## CRADLE-SONG

THE Wind came flying through my chamber,  
And when he saw me he was joyful,  
Because I looked on thee.

Thou didst not heed the Wind's rejoicing,  
For thou wert hearkening to my song.

I will sing to thee  
Of the soldier-host  
That yestereven marched hence to war,  
And to whom with homage we bade farewell.  
The earth was proud to feel their footsteps,  
The sunshine proud to be their sunshine.  
Thou too shalt be a soldier, child,  
So that thy land may love and bless thee.  
The corn upon the fields grow fairer  
When rain hath fallen,  
Yet blood the earth hath need of, too;  
Therefore, I give thee to the earth.  
Thou wilt become so brave a soldier  
That even the mountain, to behold thee,  
Will one day draw her veil of mist aside.  
And o'er thy lot I will not sorrow,  
Nor mourn the days thou didst not live.  
O Earth, I give my child to thee!



## CRADLE-SONG

When thou shalt see thy foe lie dying,  
Thy thoughts will turn toward Death, and  
    kindly

Thou wilt look back, and tenderly, on Life,  
    Since Death is in thy thoughts.

Along white roadways thou shalt travel,  
    Whereon men thirst;

Beneath the tent lie down at even  
    In bitter cold.

Glorious thy lot will be,—yea, even

    Like to the eagle's and the sun's;

Men raise their heads when they would look  
    at them.

Thou mayst not think of maidens' girdles,  
    Nor of their eyes,

And thou shalt say to them:

    “ I must go hence.”

For thou wilt be a soldier, O my child!

The Wind came flying through my chamber,  
And when he saw me he was joyful,  
    Because I looked on thee.

Thou didst not heed the Wind's rejoicing,  
For thou wert hearkening to my song.

*Carmen Sylva.*



## HINDOSTAN CRADLE-SONG

HEAR the bulbul on the spray;  
Sweet, sweetly dream!  
The gazelles have ceased their play;  
Dream, sweetly dream!  
Thine eyes are twin stars, tender;  
Each gobi requires them  
To light them as they render  
The music that inspires them;  
So close them,  
Near one, near one!  
Repose them,  
Dear one, dear one!  
Till day, day!  
Till day!

Lilac branches waving high,  
Sweet, sweetly dream!  
Perfumed jasmine climbing high,  
Dream, sweetly dream!  
Be thine in realms eternal  
The garden of pleasure,  
The lotus bloom supernal  
My precious jeweled treasure.  
The vina gently playing,  
It's music softly saying,  
*A-i-i, A-i!*

*Mary Fairweather.*



## HUNGARIAN LULLABY

SLEEP! I would thy cradle were of roses,  
Thy robe woven from the rainbow;  
That the morning breeze should rock thee,  
Lily hands alone should touch thee,  
And butterflies fan thee with their golden  
wings.

*Quoted by E. C. Vansittart  
from Italian Folk-Songs.*



## CORSICAN NINNA-NANNE

HUSH-A-BY, my darling boy;  
Hush-a-by, my hope and joy;  
You 're my little ship so brave,  
Sailing boldly o'er the wave,  
One that tempest doth not fear,  
Nor the winds that blow from high.  
Sleep a while, my baby dear;  
Sleep, my child, and hush-a-by!

After you were born, full soon  
You were christened all aright;  
Godmother, she was the moon;  
Godfather, the sun so bright.  
All the stars in heaven told  
Wore their necklaces of gold.  
Fast a while in slumber lie;  
Sleep, my child, and hush-a-by!

Pure and balmy was the air,  
Lustrous all the heavens were,  
And the seven planets shed  
All the virtues on your head;



CORSICAN NINNA-NANNE

And the shepherds made a feast,  
Lasting for a week at least.  
Fast asleep in slumber lie;  
Sleep, my child, and hush-a-by!

You are savory, sweetly blowing;  
You are thyme, of insense smelling,  
Upon Mount Basilla growing,  
Upon Mount Cassoni dwelling;  
You the hyacinth of the rocks,  
Which is pasture for the flocks.  
Fast asleep in slumber lie;  
Sleep, my child, and hush-a-by!

*This Corsican ninna-nanne is descriptive  
of all the genius of the people of the  
island.*



## CRADLE-SONG OF THE FISHER- MAN'S WIFE

SWUNG in the hollows of the deep,  
While silver stars their watches keep,  
Sleep, my sea-bird, sleep!  
Our boat the glistening fishes fill,  
Our prow turns homeward—hush, be still!  
Sleep, my sea-bird, sleep,—  
Sleep, sleep!

The wind is springing from the west;  
Nestle the deeper in mother's breast,  
Rest, my sea-bird, rest!  
There is no sea our boat could whelm,  
While thy brave father is at the helm,  
Rest, my sea-bird, rest,—  
Rest, rest!

The foam flies past us like beaten cream,  
The waves break over, the fierce winds  
scream.

Dream, my sea-bird, dream!



CRADLE-SONG OF THE FISHERMAN'S WIFE

Dream of the cot where, high and low,  
Crimson and white, the roses blow.

Dream, my sea-bird, dream.  
What tho' the tempest is on the deep!  
Heaven will guard thee, do not weep.  
Sleep, my sea-bird, sleep,—  
Sleep, sleep!

*Ella Higginson.*



## ARABIAN CRADLE-SONG

SLEEP, my eye, sleep,—  
Sleep a slumber hale,  
Like pilgrims in the Meena Vale;  
Sweetly rest till morning light,  
My little baby boy so bright.  
Beauty mine supernal,  
Like sweet flowers vernal,  
Kept safe  
In the stronghold  
By God in the skies.

Sleep, my eye, sleep,—  
Sleep a slumber sweet;  
May sorrow  
Ne'er thy eyesight meet.  
In thy cradle rest thy head,  
Soft in thy little silken bed.  
Thy God will defend thee;  
Fortune may attend thee.  
The Lord in his heavens  
Will his promise fulfill.



## OLD GAELIC LULLABY

HUSH! the waves are rolling in,  
White with foam, white with foam!  
Father toils amid the din,  
But baby sleeps at home.

Hush! the winds roar hoarse and deep,—  
On they come, on they come!  
Brother seeks the wandering sheep,  
But baby sleeps at home.

Hush! the rain sweeps o'er the knowes,  
Where they roam, where they roam;  
Sister goes to seek the cows,  
But baby sleeps at home.

*Author unknown.*



## LULLABY OF THE MADONNA

SLEEP, oh sleep, dear baby mine, King divine;  
Sleep, my child, in sleep recline;  
Lullaby, mine infant fair,  
Heaven's King,  
All glittering,  
Full of grace as lilies rare.

Wouldst thou learn so speedily pain to try,  
To heave a sigh?  
Sleep, for thou shalt see day  
Of dire scath,  
Of dreadful death,  
To bitter scorn a shame, a prey.

Beauty mine, sleep peacefully;  
Heaven's monarch, see  
With my veil I cover thee;  
Lullaby, my spouse, my Lord.

Lo! the shepherd band draws nigh;  
Horns to ply  
Thee their King to glorify.  
Lullaby, my soul's delight!  
For Israel,  
Faithless and fell,  
Thee with cruel death would smite.



LULLABY OF THE MADONNA

Sleep, sleep, thou who dost heaven impart;

My Lord thou art.

Sleep as I press thee to my heart.

Poor the place where thou dost lie,

Earth's loveliest,—

Yet take thy rest.

Sleep, my child, and lullaby!



## HUSHING SONG

EILY, Eily,  
My bonnie wee lass;  
The winds blow,  
And the hours pass.

But never a wind  
Can do thee wrong,  
Brown birdeen, singing  
Thy bird-heart song.

And never an hour  
But has for thee  
Blue of the heaven  
And green of the sea.

Blue for the hope of thee  
Eily, Eily;  
Green for the joy of thee,  
Eily, Eily!

Swing in thy nest, then,  
Here on my heart,  
Birdeen, birdeen,  
Here on my heart,  
Here on my heart!

*Fiona Macleod.*



## HUNGARIAN CRADLE-SONG

CRY not, beloved! cry not, beloved!

To thee I'll sing;

When mother grieves

The song relieves,

So close unto her bosom cling!

Far from your mother's tent

You'll wander soon;

Think oft of this thy Magyar tune,

And return to us again,

And return to us again.

Lie still, mine own! lie still, mine own!

Light of mine eye,

Precious thou art

Unto mine heart.

So sleep, my child, and do not cry!

When to the land of strangers

Thou shalt stray,

Think of thy kindred far away,

And return to us again,

And return to us again.

*Mary Fairweather.*



## SLUMBER-SONG

THE days are cold, the nights are long,  
The north-wind sings a doleful song;  
Then hush again upon my breast;  
All merry things are now at rest,  
Save thou, my pretty love!

The kitten sleeps upon the hearth,  
The crickets long have ceased their mirth;  
There 's nothing stirring in the house  
Save one wee hungry, nibbling mouse,  
Then why so busy thou?

Nay! start not at that sparkling light,  
'T is but the moon that shines so bright  
On the window-pane bedropped with rain;  
There, little darling, sleep again,  
And wake when it is day!

*Dorothy Wordsworth.*



## CRADLE-HYMN

AWAY in a manger, no crib for a bed,  
The little Lord Jesus laid down his dear head.  
The stars in the bright sky looked down where  
    he lay,  
The little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay.

The cattle are lowing, the baby awakes,  
But little Lord Jesus no crying he makes.  
I love thee, Lord Jesus! look down from the  
    sky;  
And stay by my cradle till morning is nigh.

*Martin Luther.*



## MARTIAL CRADLE-SONG

OH! hush thee, my babie! thy sire was a  
knight,  
Thy mother a lady, both lovely and  
bright;  
The woods and the glens, from the towers  
which we see,  
They all are belonging, dear babie, to  
thee.

Oh, fear not the bugle, though loudly it  
blows;  
It calls but the warders that guard thy  
repose.  
Their bows would be bended, their blades  
would be red  
Ere the step of a foeman draws near to  
thy bed.

Oh! hush, thee, my babie! the time will  
soon come  
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet  
and drum;  
Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while  
you may,  
For strife comes with manhood, and waking  
with day.

*Sir Walter Scott.*



## ITALIAN NINNA-NANNE

LULLABY, child of the Madonna;  
Lullaby, my little soul!  
I am here to watch over thee,  
Lullaby, pine-cone of thy grandmother,  
And of thy grandfather fair ruddy apple,  
Best hope of thy dear mother;  
My jessamine, my beautiful lily!  
Lullaby, dear little heart, now, so that in  
time to come  
Thou mayst be a buckler of St. Mark.



## INDIAN LULLABY

REST, little sleeper, beneath my wand,  
Light as the lily-cup on the pond,—

Rest, rest!

Through the dark forest bloweth a breeze,  
Swinging thy cradle 'twixt the trees,—

Rest, rest!

Lullaby-by, have no fear;  
Lullaby-by, mother is near;  
Pain be here, joy be there;  
She 'll sing to her baby a lullaby.

Sleep, little daughter, mother will spin  
Scarlet frocks to dress thee in,—

Sleep, sleep!

Father will chase the forage bee  
And steal his honey for thee, for thee,—

Sleep, sleep.

Lullaby-by, fear no foe;  
Lullaby-by, mother is nigh;  
Low and high, high and low,  
Swing her baby with lullaby.

*Walter Leahy.*



## LULLABY

SWEET and low, sweet and low,  
    Wind of the western sea,  
Low, low, breathe and blow,  
    Wind of the western sea!  
Over the rolling waters go,  
Come from the dying moon and blow,  
Blow him again to me,  
While my little one, while my pretty  
    one sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest;  
    Father will come to thee soon.  
Rest, rest, on mother's breast;  
    Father will come to thee soon.  
Father will come to his babe in the  
    nest,  
Silver sails all out of the west,  
Under the silver moon;  
Sleep, my little one,—sleep, my pretty  
    one, sleep!

*Tennyson.*



## SCOTCH CRADLE-SONG

AULD Daddy Darkness creeps frae his hole.  
Black as a Blackamoor, blin as a mole.  
Stir the fire till its lowers, let the bairnie sit,  
And Daddy Darkness is no wantit yet.

See him in the corners hidin' frae the licht,  
See him at the window gloomin' at the nicht;  
Turn up the gaslicht, close the shutters a',  
An Auld Daddy Darkness will flee far awa',—

Awa' to hide the birdie within its cozy nest,  
Awa' to lap the wee flowers on their mither's  
breast,  
Awa' to loosen Gaffin Toil frae his daily ca',—  
For Auld Daddy Darkness is kindly to a'.

He comes when we're weary, to wean 's frae  
our waes;  
He comes when the bairnies are gettin' off  
their claes,  
To cover them sae cozy, an' bring bonnie  
dreams,—  
So Auld Daddy Darkness is better than he  
seems.



### SCOTCH CRADLE-SONG

Steek yer een my wee tot, ye 'll see Daddy,  
then;

He 's in below the bedclaes, to cuddle ye  
he 's fain;

Noo nestle in his bosie, sleep and dream yer  
fill,

Till wee Davie Daylight comes keekin' ouer  
the hill.

*James Ferguson.*



## LULLABY

SLEEP, my baby, for the Shadows  
All are marching soft and slow  
To the corner where the army  
Waits to fight them in a row.  
Hush, O hush!—the Sleepy Shadow  
Down upon the army creep;  
Every Captain, every Soldier,  
Everybody falls asleep.

CHORUS:—Sleep, sleep, sleep,  
And dream of happy places!  
Dream, dream, dream,  
With smiles upon their faces!

Mother loves her rosy baby,  
Mother loves the Shadows, too,  
For they slip across her bosom  
Giving rest to her and you.  
Hush, O hush!—no more the army  
Wants to fight the Shadows, for  
Everybody loves the Shadows  
Every minute more and more.

CHORUS:—Sleep, sleep, sleep,  
And dream of happy places!  
Dream, dream, dream,  
With smiles upon their faces!



## LULLABY

So, my sweet one, pass to Dreamland,  
Where the Shadows turn to gold,  
Where the Captain and the Soldier  
Wake again—so I am told.  
Then the golden Shadows sparkle  
Everywhere all in the sun,  
Then we 'll play among the Shadows  
You and I, my precious one!

CHORUS:—Sleep, sleep, sleep,  
And dream of happy places!  
Dream, dream, dream,  
With smiles upon their faces!

*Morgan Shepard.*



## AMERICAN LULLABY

ROCK-A-BY, baby, upon the tree-top;  
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock;  
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,  
And down will come baby, and cradle, and all.

Rock-a-by, baby, the meadow 's in bloom,  
Laugh at the sunbeams that dance in the room,  
Echo the birds with your own baby tune,  
Coo in the sunshine and flowers of June.

Rock-a-by, baby, so cloudless the skies,  
Blue as the depths of your own laughing eyes;  
Sweet is the lullaby over your nest,  
That tenderly sings little baby to rest.

*Robert Burdette.*



## A CHRISTMAS LULLABY

SLEEP, baby, sleep! The mother sings,  
Heaven's angels kneel and folds their wings.  
Sleep, baby, sleep!

With swaths of scented hay, thy bed  
By Mary's hand at eve was spread.  
Sleep, baby, sleep!

And three kings from the East afar  
Ere dawn came guided by the star.  
Sleep, baby, sleep!

They brought thee gifts of gold and gems,  
Pure orient pearls, rich diadems.  
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep! The Shepherds sing;  
Through heaven, through earth, hosannas ring.  
Sleep, baby, sleep!

*John Addington Symonds.*



## JEWISH LULLABY

My harp is on the willow-tree,  
Else would I sing, O love, to thee  
    A song of long-ago,—  
Perchance the song that Miriam sung  
Ere yet Judea's heart was wrung  
    By centuries of woe.

I ate my crust in tears to-day,  
As scourged I went upon my way,—  
    And yet my darling smiled;  
Aye, beating at my breast, he laughed,—  
My anguish curdled not the draught,—  
    'T was sweet with love, my child!

The shadow of the centuries lies  
Deep in thy dark and mournful eyes,  
    But, hush! and close them now,  
And in the dreams that thou shalt dream  
The light of other days shall seem  
    To glorify thy brow!



## JEWISH LULLABY

Our harp is on the willow-tree—  
I have no song to sing to thee,  
    As shadows round us roll;  
But, hush and sleep, and thou shalt hear  
Jehovah's voice that speaks to cheer  
    Judea's fainting soul!

*Eugene Field.*

*Taken from "With Trumpet and Drum,"  
and used by permission of Charles Scrib-  
ner's Sons. Copyright, 1892, by Mary  
French Field.*



## VENETIAN NINNA-NANNE

SLEEP, a ni-na-na, a nice long sleep;  
Close thine eyes and fall asleep,  
A sleep to last the whole night long;  
God give thee joy and good luck,  
Good luck and good fortune!  
The mother who bore thee is by thy cradle;  
She's by thy cradle to rock and to sing.  
Till thou sleepest, she'll not desert thee;  
To God's guard she will leave thee,  
Should fate call her hence.

*Quoted by D. G. Bennoni.*



## GERMAN CRADLE-SONG

SLEEP, baby, sleep!  
Thy father 's watching the sheep!  
Thy mother 's shaking the dreamland tree,  
And down comes a little dream for thee.  
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!  
The large stars are the sheep!  
The little stars are the lambs, I guess;  
The bright moon is the shepherdess.  
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!  
And cry not like the sheep!  
Ere the sheep-dog will bark and whine,  
And bite this naughty child of mine,  
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!  
Away, to tend the sheep!  
Away, thou sheep-dog fierce and wild,  
And do not harm my sleeping child!  
Sleep, baby, sleep!



## SLUMBER-SONG

ROCK-A-BY, lullaby, bees in the clover!—

Crooning so drowsily, crying so low—

Rock-a-by, lullaby, dear little rover!

Down into wonderland—

Down into slumberland—

Go, oh, go!

Down into wonderland go!

Rock-a-by, lullaby, rain in the clover!

Tears on the eye-lids that struggle and weep!

Rock-a-by, lullaby—bending it over!

Down on the mother-world sleep.

Rock-a-by, lullaby, dew on the clover!

Dew on the eyes that will sparkle at dawn!

Rock-a-by, lullaby, dear little rover,

Gone, oh, gone!

Into the lily world, gone!

*From the complete Poetical Works of  
J. G. Holland. Copyright, 1879 and  
1881, by Chas. Scribner's Sons.*



## THE VIRGIN'S CRADLE-HYMN

*DORMI, Jesu! Mater ridet  
Quæ tam dulcem somnum videt,  
Dormi, Jesu! blandule!  
Si non dormis, mater plorat,  
Inter fila cauteus orat,  
Blande, veni, somule.*

*Copied from a print of the Virgin, in a  
Roman Catholic village in Germany.*

---

Sleep, sweet babe, my cares beguiling;  
Mother sits beside thee smiling;  
Sleep, my darling, tenderly!  
If thou sleep not, mother mourneth,  
Singing at her wheel she turneth;  
Come, soft slumber, balmily!

*Coleridge.*



## SAINT BRIDE'S LULLABY

O BABY CHRIST, so dear to me,  
Sang Bridget Bride;  
How sweet thou art,  
My baby dear,  
Heart of my heart!

Heavy her body was with thee,  
Mary, beloved of One in Three,  
Sang Bridget Bride,—  
Mary, who bore thee, little lad:  
But light her heart was, light and glad  
With God's love clad.

Sit on my knee,  
Sang Bridget Bride;  
Sit here  
O Baby dear,  
Close to my heart, my heart!  
For I thy foster-mother am,  
My helpless lamb!  
O have no fear,  
Sang good Saint Bride.



SAINT BRIDE'S LULLABY

None, none,  
No fear have I:  
So let me cling  
Close to thy side  
While thou dost sing,  
O Bridget Bride!

My Lord, my Prince, I sing:  
My Baby dear, my King!  
Sang Bridget Bride.

*Fiona Macleod.*



## INDIAN SLUMBER-SONG

SLEEP, little papoose,—the night shades are falling,  
Slowly the darkness blots out the great herds.  
See! the big moon in the tree-tops beholds thee,—  
Still are thy brothers, the beasts and the birds.  
Sleep, little love-blossom, Manitou guards thee;  
Watchfires burn dimly against the night sky.  
Here in my blanket's fold warmly I hold thee;  
Hush for the slumber-chief now draweth nigh.

Sleep, little councilor,—braves without number  
Wait for thy wisdom in peace and in war.  
Strong must thy limbs grow, O Sachem of nations!  
Sleep, little Sachem, the day is still far.  
Sleep, little son of mine,—Manitou guards thee;  
Day may be restless, but slumber is deep.  
Here in my blanket's fold warmly I clasp thee;  
Councilor, son of mine, love-blossom, sleep!

*Helen Hyde*  
in "*The Household.*"



## NEGRO LULLABY

DE ole Mosa he am trabeling,  
De ole Mosa he am trabeling,  
Oh, he am trabeling heaby dis way;  
He 'll take dis pore ole nigger  
In his arms to glory;  
For he come trabeling dis way.  
I hears him stepping on de tree-tops—  
Oh, doan' you hear dem bending low?  
Oh, de ole Mosa he am trabeling!  
O Lord, come heaby and let dis pore  
ole nigger go!

*From "American Folk-Lore."*



## RUSSIAN CRADLE-SONG

REST thee, jewel; none shall spy thee,  
For some might insist to buy thee,  
Or to steal thee, come anigh thee,  
Nestle close to me.

Go to sleep and dream of splendor;  
Monjiks at thy beck to render  
Every service, rough or tender.  
Sleep, my jewel, sleep!

A fine Cossack Don shall you be,  
Gay as any glist'ning ruby.  
Sleep, and this will surely true be;  
Sleep, my jewel, sleep!

*Mary Fairweather.*



## ENGLISH CRADLE-SONG

HUSH, my babe, lie still and slumber,  
Holy angels guard thy bed;  
Heavenly blessings without number  
Gently falling on thy head.

How much better thou 'rt attended  
Than the Son of God could be,  
When from heaven he descended  
And became a child like thee!

Soft and easy is thy cradle,  
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,  
When his birthplace was a stable,  
And his softest bed was hay.

Oh, to tell the wondrous story—  
How his foes abused their king,  
How they killed the Lord of glory  
Makes me angry while I sing!

Hush, my child, I did not chide thee,  
Though my song may seem so hard;  
'T is thy mother sits beside thee,  
And her arms shall be thy guard.  
Mayst thou learn to know and fear him,  
Love and serve him all thy days;  
Then to dwell forever near him,  
Tell his love and sing his praise.

*Dr. Watts.*



## MADONNA AND CHILD

LITTLE son, little son, climb up to my breast,  
And lie amidst its warmth at rest.

But shut those stranger eyes from me,  
My rose, my sorrow, my peace divine,  
And call me "Mother" and not "Mary,"  
Although thou art not mine.

O weep not if I hold thee tight,  
For 'mid unheeding kine at night  
I dream thee weak and needing me.  
Forget thy royalty, croon and coo,  
Pretend thee little, and handle thee  
As other mothers do.

Thine eyes are closed, but He who keeps  
Watch over Israel never sleeps;  
And when I sleepless lie by thee  
Thy little hands mine eyes do blind  
And move across them soothingly,  
And feel so large and kind.

It is I would climb to thy little breast.  
O hold me there and let me rest!  
It is I am weak and weary and small,  
And thy soft arms can carry me.  
So put them under me, God, my all,  
And let me quiet be.

*Alice Archer Sewell.*











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